LUCIUS, ANNÆUS,

SENECA

THE PHILOSOPHER:

HIS BOOKE OF THE Shortneſſe of LIFE.

Tranſlated into an ENGLISH *Poem.*

Multum ille ad bonam mentem profecit, cuj Seneca *placere cæpit.* Lipſius.

Imprinted at *London* for *Daniel Frere*, at the red Bull in little Britaine.
1636.

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1620.

TO THE LEARNED AND Iudicious, Sir *Henry Wotton.*

Sir,

YOur Approbation of ſome wandring Papers, brought caſually to your ſight, and whiſper'd to be mine, inuites me to owne this, and ſend it abroad ſecur'd by the Safe Conduct of Your Iudgment: I venture to transforme a Stoick *into one of the* Muſes, *to reduce to Harmony a rigid peice of* Philoſophy; *and becauſe an Imperiall Envy, and therefore the higheſt, (that which deſign'd the ſuppreſſion of* Homer, Virgil, *and* Livie,) *cenſur'd the Authors Workes, to be but* Arena ſine calce, *I have without any violence knit up* His ſhort Booke of the Shortnes of Life, *into a naturall* Poem; *which may bee thus farre uſefull, that the Readers memory may retaine his Acute and Redundant witt with more facillity: I make the addreſſe to you, thereby to prefixe a Preſident, that wiſely ſpins out this narrow Thread of Life in the way preſcrib'd; which Remarkeable Example (that being all the Addition I make) muſt needs contribute no ſmall vigour to the Precepts of* Seneca.

R. F.

In *Senecæ* de brevitate vitæ Librum *Elegantissimè Translatum.*

OBstruitur tanto mortalis vita dolore,
Tædeat ut longæ semita ducta viæ.
Tam suavis Senecæ *stilus, et Translatio libri*
Vt placeat multas ferre relecta vices
Esse brevem cuperem misero sub tempore vitam
Sed longum vitæ de brevitate librum.

G. A.

Metaphrasti Digniſſimo.

TO Translate Seneca, *and to obſerue*
His Brevity, and from his ſence not ſwerue,
Require's a Learned Iudgement ev'n in Proſe;
But him in Verſe to render, and yet loſe
Neither his Quicknes, nor his Eloquence,
Shew's both great Skill and our Tongu's Excellence;
Thus by this happy Verſion may we ſee,
That the Acuteſt Proſe is Poetry,
And may beleeve that Seneca' *as in name*
Both Poet *and* Philoſopher's *the ſame.*

R. C.

LVCIVS

L. A. SENECA OF THE Shortnes of Life.

MOst men (*Paulinus*) make it Natures crime, *Cha.* 1.
That we are borne to a small part of time,
Which doth so speedily, so swiftly run,
That life with most is in the entrance done:
Nor doe the Rude and Ignoram alone
Vnder this common conceiv'd evill groane;
But it hath drawne (out of an inward sence)
Complaints from men of greatest Eminence:
Hence did the chiefe Physitian exclaime,
That Art is long, Life short to learne the same:
And *Aristotl* expostulats with Nature
(More then a Wiseman ought) to the brute creature
As most indulgent, since some kind appeares
To live five hundred, some a thousand yeares,
Whilst man so High and Noble things design'd
Is to a farre lesse terme of life confin'd,
The time we have's not short; but much we lose,
Our life, if of the whole we well dispose,
Is long enough, and of a large extent
To bring great things to their accomplishment:
But when it is not vertuously imploy'd,
But with excesse or idlenes destroyd,
Death vs at length surprising, life is spent
Before we have perceived how it went:

Life is not given, but made short; nor poore
Can we be faid, but prodigall of ſtore;
For as great Riches falling in the power
Of a lewd Spend-all vaniſh in an houre,
And meanes though ſmall, committed to the care
Of a good Husband, ſoone increaſed are;
So life well us'd is long enough; Why then
Cha. 2. Is Nature charg'd to have dealt ill with men?
Some to inſatiat Auarice are bent;
Others to fruitleſſe labours are intent; (Sloth,
This drenched is with Wine; that, dull'd with
This mans ambiton leaves him to the Wrath
And will of others; that, in hope of gaine
Seekes Lands, and Seas his Traficke to maintaine;
Some take delight in Warre, buſy'd about
Other mens Rumes, while their owne they doubt;
Some into willing ſervitude are brought,
Which an ingrate dependency hath wrought;
Many doe either earneſtly affect
Other mens fortunes, or their owne neglect;
Moſt, unreſolv'd whereto themſelves t'apply,
Through vaine and ſelfe diſpleaſing levity
Fall ſtill upon new proiects; ſome againe
Miſliking every courſe of life, remaine
Yawning till death; ſo that, what hath beene ſaid
And as an Oracle delivered
By that great Poet, we for truth may give,
'Tis the leaſt part of Life that wee doe leve:
The reſt is onely Time not Life; they're ty'd

And compassed by vice on every side,
They cannot raise themselves, nor lift their eyes
To behold truth, and from their strong Lusts rise;
They never will find leasure to retire
Into themselves; or if some good desire
They chance to have, 'tis like, but at the best
The Sea, that though Winds ceas, is not at rest;
Their passions will afford them not repose;
Nor would I have thee thinke I speake of those
Notoriously bad; they, whom the World
Calls happy, are into like evils hurl'd;
How many mens great Riches have beene found
An heavy weight to presse them to the ground?
Many to boast their Eloquence so strayne
Themselues, they dye by Rupture of a Veine?
How many have we seene grow pale and wan
With their continuall pleasures? many a man
Compass'd with troopes of Suiters, is thereby
Deprived quite of his owne liberty;
Nay run through all degrees; one goes to law,
Another Pleades the cause; this stands in awe
Of Power which threatens death, that him defends
An other will be Iudge, and make them friends;
But none doth to himselfe himselfe redeeme;
We mutually are wasted; those that seeme
Of greatest note, doe with a fond respect
Court one another, and themselves neglect;
It is a folly therefore beyond Sence,
When great men will not give us Audience
To count them proud; how dare we call it pride

When

When we the ſame have to our ſelves deny'd
Yet they how great, how proud ſo ere, have bin
Sometimes ſo courteous as to call thee in,
And heare thee ſpeake; but thou couldſt nere afford
Thy ſelfe the leaſure of a looke or word.

Cha.3. THou ſhouldſt not then herein another blame,
Becauſe when thou thy ſelfe do'ſt doe the ſame
Thou wouldſt not be with others, but we ſee
Plainely, thou canſt not with thine owne ſelfe be;
Not all the wits that are, ſhould they conſpire,
This humane blindnes could enough admire;
They will have none to meddle with their Farmes,
And if their bounds be queſtion'd are in Armes;
But yet will ſuffer others to incroach,
Vpon their lives, and to their great reproach,
They will not ſticke officiouſly to call
Such as will at the length be Lords of all;
To ſhare his money no man can abide;
Their lives twixt many all men will devide;
In keeping their Eſtate ſtrict care they uſe;
But, come t'expence of time, th'are moſt profuſe;
Of what alone (though in it ſelfe a vice)
Is an eſpeciall vertue, Avarice;
With ſome old man let's thus expoſtulate;
Thou haſt, we ſee, run through lifes vtmoſt date,
Attain'd perhaps, an hundred yeares or more;
But tell us now; how much from that great ſtore
Thy Creditor hath got, thy Miſtris, Friend,
Thy Clients, or the Iarre (that hath no end)

Betweene

Betweene thy wife and thee? how much is ſpent
In chaſtiſing thy Slaves? in Complement,
And Viſits through the towne? adde here the cure
Of maladies, thou didſt thy ſelfe procure,
Time loſt in doing nothing; and behold
Thou haſt farre fewer yeares then thou haſt told:
Conſider well what day hath beene imploy'd
As thou determin'ſt, how thou haſt enioy'd
Thy ſelfe, or haſt beene conſtant to thy ends,
Kept thy mind right, what good thine age pretends
Thave ever done, how many have bereav'd
Thee of thy life when thou haſt not perceiv'd,
When fooliſh ioy, vaine hope, greedy deſire,
And flattering company their ſhares require,
But a ſmall part will to thy ſelfe belong,
And then thou muſt confeſſe thou dyeſt yong.

BVt what's the cauſe? we live, as if for ever *Chap. 4.*
We were to live, minding our frailties never?
We husband not our time, but let it fly
As if we had a Store-houſe to ſupply,
When as perhaps, that day ſet to be paſt
Vpon that thing, or man, will be our laſt;
As Mortall, all things ſordidly we feare,
And as Immortall, our Ambitions reare:
At fifty Yeares ſome ſay they will retire,
And at threeſcore beleeve they ſhall deſire
To quit their offices: but who can give
Aſſurance, that we ſhall to that time live
T'effect our purpoſe? what vain thought us driues

To give our selves the Reliques of our lives;
And that time onely unto goodnesse lend,
That otherwise we know not how to spend?
That man hath certainly too late begun
To live, that onely lives when life is done;
What madnesse is it to defer our rest
Till fifty 'or threescore yeares? and thinke it best
Then to begin our life, when onely some,
And perhaps few, will unto that age come?
The greatest Princes oft have words let fall
Wherein they wish, commend, prefer 'bove all
A quiet life; and (might it safely bee)
Would be content to quit their dignity
For though no outward danger should assaile,
Yet fortune will against her selfe prevaile.

Chap. DIvine *Augustus* (t'whom the *Gods* gave more
Then any mortall man) would oft deplore
The misery that waites upon a Crowne,
And still desire to lay the burthen downe,
His chiefe discourse to this did ever tend,
That in a privat life his cares should end;
This hope, though vaine, did sweete contentment give,
That at the length he to Himselfe should live:
In an Epistle to the Senate sent,
Where he desir'd to let them know, hee ment
That his so often mentioned retreat,
Should be with reservation of his state;
Such words I find. *But these things rather ought*
Be done, then said; yet so farre hath the thought

Of

Of that wisht time prevaild, that though the glad
Fruition of the thing bee yet not had,
Yet I, in the discourse I thereof make
Doe in the meane time no small pleasure take:
So did he value rest, that when he could
Not compasse it in deede, in thought he would;
He that saw all depend upon his will,
And unto men and Nations, good or ill
Gave as he list, thought gladly on that day
Wherein his greatnesse he should put away;
He found what secret cares, and how much sweat
Such farre-renowned Honour did beget;
When first by Citizens, by Collegues next,
And lastly by his Kindred deepely vext,
He was compeld (so powerfully withstood)
By land and Sea, to try it out with blood;
Through *Macedonia*, *Ægypt*, *Cicily*,
Through *Asia*, *Syria*, and the coast thereby
He led his Armies forth to forraigne warrs
Weari'd with slaughter in our *Roman* iarres;
While he the *Alpes* appeas'd, did such reduce
As in the Empire liv'd in doubtfull truce;
While beyond *Rhene*, *Danubius*, *Euphrates*,
He did his bounds remove, in midst of these
Great acts, in *Rome* it selfe did *Lepidus*,
Muræna, *Cæpio*, and *Egnatius*
Whet all their Swords against him; and before
This threatning danger he had well past ore,
His daughter, with so many Nobles bound
By Adultry, as by vow, sought to confound

His yet unbroken age; that once more hee
Might feare a woman with her Anthony:
And though theſe ulcers with the members two,
He quite cut off, yet others quickly grew;
So bodies ſtill breake out, that are oppreſt
With too much blood; he therefore ſought for reſt;
There dwelt his thoughts, to that his hopes aſpir'd,
That could give others all that they deſir'd.
When *Cicero* by the malitious fewde
Of *Catalines*, and *Clodians* perſude,
By *Pompey* and *Craſſus* greiv'd, thoſe foes profeſt,
Theſe doubtfull friends, could not find any reſt
In the perplexed State, which he deſir'd
To ſave from ruine, he at length retir'd;
No leſſe inconſtant in adverſity
Then he was active in proſperity;
His Conſulſhip that he did ſo commend,
Though not without a cauſe, yet without end,
How did he then deteſt? what heavineſſe
Writing to *Atticus* did he expreſſe?
Old Pompey *vanquiſht, and his Sonne in* Spaine,
His broken troopes now gathering up againe,
Doſt thou demand what I doe heere? (quoth hee)
In Tuſculanum *I remaine halfe free*:
He further addes where he bewailes time paſt,
Condemnes the preſent, and deſpaires at laſt
Of what's to come; did *Cicero* but call
Himſelfe halfe free? a Wiſe man never ſhall
Deſcend ſo low; but halfe he cannot be,
Vnbound, intirely himſelfe, hee's wholy free;

For

For being above fortune, nothing can
Be ever thought to be above that man.

When *Livius Drusus* one of a bold spirit, *Cha. 6.*
Did strive the *Grachi's* mischiefe, to inherit
And to obtrud new Lawes, followed by all
Th' *Italian* rout, scarce weighing what might fall,
Finding no hope to compasse his designe,
Which he with safety could not then decline;
He curs'd his life, who (as he oft would say)
Was th'onely boy that nere had leave to play;
He durst presume though yet but one of those,
That wore the Robe of Youth, to interpose
For guilty men, and in such earnest sort
That he did many sentences extort;
What would not that ambition undergoe?
Such forward impudence brings certaine woe,
Private and publique; therefore he too late
Complain'd of want of play-daies, whom the state
And Iustice, from a boy pernitious found;
Some thought he slew himselfe, for of a wound
Peircing his Groyne he dyde, the means unknown,
But the act thought unseasonable by none.
Twere vaine to speake of more, whom vulgar fame
Hath happy call'd, since selfe-convincing shame
Their whole life past hath taught them to condem;
But these complaints nor others chang'd, nor them
For though such words brak from them, yet the wil
And the affections have remained still;
A Life so led, although a thousand yeares,

Seemes to be straightned much and short appeares;
Such things devoure an Age; though nature run
Her course, lengthned by Art, yet life's soone done;
For men observe not, nor give timely stay
To what's most swift, but let it passe away
As needlesse, or to be regain'd at pleasure;
I name those first that can afford no leasure
To any thing but Wine, and Lust, such time
Is vildly spent: Others, although they climbe
With a vaine glorious hope, more brauely offend,
The Couetous, the Wrathfull, they that bend
Their actions to iniust revenge, or warre,
Have more pretence, Their crimes more manly are,
The sins of Lust are base; doe thou suruay
The actions of most men, they spend the day
Onely in counting money, plotting still
How to deceive, or fearing the like ill,
Giving or taking favours, waging law,
Or making feasts, which custome now doth draw
As duties on them, betweene good and bad
They're so turmoyl'd, no breathing can be had;
And 'tis confest by all; that they that dwell
In too much businesse, can doe nothing well;
Nor Eloquence, nor liberall Arts can find
Any admittance, when the busied mind
Not able to looke up, with care is cloyd,
They that continually are so imployd,
Doe nothing lesse then live, a thing discernd
By very few, and hardly to bee learnd
Of other Sciences, professors are

In

In every place; yea boyes have prou'd so rare
They have been teachers; but we must apply
Even all our life to live, nay all to dye:
Which many Wise men quitting both their trea-
sures
Their worldly affairs, their offices, their pleasures,
And ready to depart hence, have profest
Not yet to know, how short then are the rest?
We may (beleeve me) truely thinke a man
Rais'd above humane errour; when he can
So keepe his time, that it be shard by none;
Life then is long, when it is all our owne.
No part will to the owner useless be,
Nor subiect to an others will; for he
That knowes to husband time, think's nothing fit
Nor worthy heere, to be exchang'd for it:
He therefore hath enough, while they that spend
It on the people, quickly find an end;
Nor can we therefore thinke from hence that such
Know not their losse, how many with too much
Felicity oppresst, amidst the Rout
Of Suitors, their law cases, or about
Some other honest misery, have cride
That time to live was unto them denide?
Which we may well beleeve, since all that make
Vse of thy helpe, doe something from thee take;
How much hath he whom thou defend'st? or hee
That by thy helpe expects some dignity?
Or that old Woman, that with clamour fils
Thine eares, with proving many Husbands wills?
How much hath hee that sicknesses doth faigne-

And by deluding others hopes makes gaine?
Or that great friend, by whom thou art onely sure;
To be regarded as his Furniture?
Recount (I say) thy daies, and thou shalt find
Onely the refuse to thy selfe assign'd:
This gets the Consulship so much desir'd,
And then askes when the yeare will be expir'd,
That provids publique sports, obtain'd with large
Expence, and straight growes weary of the charge:
This Lawyer hurried to every barre
By troupes of Suiters, with more causes farre
Then can be heard, growne weary, doth pretend
That he could wish the Terme were at an end;
They their owne Lives precipitate, that both
Desire things future, and the present loath;
While he that suffers none his time to borrow,
But makes each present day his life, the morrow,
Nor feares, nor wishes; for what houre can bring
New ioy to him, that knowing every thing
Hath Master'd all his thoughts? let Fortune vse
Her pleasure, he his constant life persues:
Something may added be perchance, although
Nothing diminished, but yet added so
As Meate to a full stomacke, neither sought,
Nor yet digested. Let none then be thought
Old for his wrinckles, or gray-hairs, 'twere wrong
To say hee liv'd, hee onely hath beene long:
We cannot truely say that Ship hath saild, (vaild,
On which fierce stormes have from the port pre-
And driving too and fro, the voyage crost,

That

That hath not sayled much, but beene much tost:
I oft have wondred with my selfe to heare,
Some demand time, and others not forbeare
To grant it straight, both looke upon the cause
Why it is ask'd, the thing from neither drawes
Regard, but as nothing were sought, or given;
That which should be in most esteeme, is even
A trifle made; the errour hence doth spring,
Because it is an incorporeall thing,
Not subiect to the sence, tis therefore brought
Into contempt, or rather nothing thought.
Our Great men yearly New-yeares Gifts receive,
For which they give by way of contract leave
To use their labour, diligence, and paines,
That which costs onely time, is counted gaines:
But if such once be sick, and think, Death neare
How are Physitians hugg'd? or if they feare
To loose their lives for some notorious crime,
What bounteous offers are then made for time?
So various are their thoughts; could men but tell
The number of their yeares to come, as well
As what are past, how would they then both make
Spare of the one, and at the other quake?
What certaine is (though small) we may devide;
We must more wary be of what may slide
So suddainly from us; nor can we suppose
They know not what a precious thing they loose,
Because when they their loves would most expresse,
Part of their yeares to give, they will professe,
They give, tis true, but so, that what they leave

Others, to whom they give, doe not receive,
Nor they themselves take notice of the losse;
A hidden damage seemes an easie crosse,
But none thy yeares will render, none restore
Thee to thy selfe; what order'd was before
Must be continued in the course begun;
Time gives no warning, but doth slyly run:
Nor peoples favour, nor the Princes power
Can alter, lengthen, or retard one houre;
Thou busy'd art, life hastneth away,
Death comes at length, and thou must needs obay.

Cha. 9. CAn any that to Wisedome would pretend,
Be better busy'd, then to learne to mend
His present life? it is a vaine pretence
To thinke to order time, with times expence;
And to defer our purpose, when we know,
Life's greatest damage from delay doth grow.
Th'expectance of an other daies event,
Is nothing but a present detriment;
For to omit a day, is to dispose
Of what is fortunes, and our owne to lose:
Why stay'st thou then? whereon dost thou relye?
No future thing is sure; live presently.
Heare how the Poet in a Rapture cries,
Each best day first from wretched Mortalls flyes.
Let's not deferre (said he) for if wee stay
'Tis gone, though we lay hold it runs away;
We therefore of swift time swift use should make,
And as it were from a quicke Torrent, take;

And

And to reprove our thoughts, he doth not say
The best Yeare soonest flyes, but the best day;
Why are we then so slow in such a Flight
Of time, as if we could pretend a Right
To Moneths, or Yeares, or to the longest date
That our vast minds could ere desire of fate?
He speakes but of a day now fleeting; then
Why marvaile we, if wretched mortall men
(That is, such as be buside) ever find
Their best daies soonest gon, whose childish mind
Age undiscern'd invades; for no man keepes
Any accompt, by what degrees that creepes:
As they, whom some tale told, or serious thought
Deceiving, to their Journies end are brought,
Before they thinke them neere; so we that make
This speedy Journey of Life, both while we wake
And sleepe, by reason of our too much care,
Doe find it done before we be aware.

SHould I in parts devide what I propose, *Cha.* 10.
I easily then might prove the lives of those
That so much mind the World, to be most short:
Old *Fabianus* (none of that odde sort
Of Chaire-philosophers, but Morrall, grave;)
Was wont to say, that vices must not have
A slight encounter, the'are (quoth he) our Swords,
That must repell such Enemies, not words;
Yet that men may their errours more refraine,
'Ti better to instruct, then to complaine;
These three degrees of time make up Ises summe,

What is, what was, and what is yet to come;
The preſent tranſient is, and cannot laſt,
The future doubtfull; onely what is paſt
Is certaine: forune heere all right doth loſe,
Not any other can thereof diſpoſe;
This Worldly men have loſt, nor can they find
Leaſure enough, their former deedes to mind;
Or if they could, 'twere an unpleaſant thing,
To thinke of that which muſt repentance bring:
Men care not to looke backe on time ill ſpent,
For that remembrance needes muſt repreſent
The ſhame, when they ſhall truely ponder it,
Of what they tooke ſuch pleaſure to commit,
Such onely as by reaſons rule direct
Their actions, can upon time-paſt reflect;
He that hath oft ambitiouſly deſir'd,
Proudly contemn'd, with inſolence requir'd
His captives thraldome; he that hath deceiv'd
Perfidiouſly, extortingly bereav'd,
Or hath profuſely ſpent, can hardly be
Content to have recourſe to memory;
Whereas that onely is the Sacred time,
That doth above all power of fortune clime:
No ſickneſſe can diſturbe, nor feare, nor want,
The firme fruition of the ſame ſupplant:
The preſent is but every ſingle day,
Which paſſeth in a moment, but we may
At our owne pleaſure all time paſt revive,
Whereof the buſy'd doe themſelves deprive:
It is the quiet mind, that can revoke

All

All parts of life, whereas a heavy yoake
Imposed is upon the labouring thought,
That to looke backe it hardly can be brought:
Such lives are swallow'd up; and as tis vaine
To seeke to fill what nothing can retaine,
So is it bootlesse store of time to give
To them, whose minds are like a leaking sive:
Time present is so short, that 'tis by some
Thought nothing, gone ere it be fully come,
And stoppes no more then the Celestiall speare,
Which never can its constant course forbeare,
Yet that to busy'd men is onely left,
Whereof they at the instant are bereft.

BVt wouldst thou know how short a time they have? *Cha.11.*
Then doe but see how long a time they crave,
How earnestly doe old men begge t'obtaine,
Some yeares addition to their small remaine;
Who feigning themselves younger doe belye
Their age, and are deceiv'd so willingly,
As if the fates they also could delude;
But by some deadly sickneſse being pursu'd,
How fearefully they draw their lateſt breath,
And goe not, but are haled unto death;
Then they repent, and vow if they recover
Their health's, their wonted courses to give over;
Finding their labour to small use imploy'd,
When what is gotten cannot be enioy'd:
Whereas a life from worldly troubles free
Is long enough, and cannot subiect be

To Fortune, Riot, or an others will,
Tis all our owne, and turnes to profit ſtill,
Though it be ſhort, it doth contentment find,
A Wiſe man dyes with an aſſured mind:
But thou, perhaps wouldſt be informed, whom
I meane by buſide men; not ſuch as come
Early into the Pleading place, and ſtay
So late, that barking Dogges drive them away;
Nor thoſe, whom either their own Clients ſmother
Bravely, or elſe by following an other
Contemptuouſly are trod on; nor yet thoſe
That for baſe Lucre, their Eſtates expoſe
To ſordid out-cries; or whom flattery
Drawes from their owne, at others gates to lye;
Some mens repoſe is buſines; in their Beds
And Houſes of retirement, are their Heads
Still vainely troubled; ſuch cannot be ſaid
To be at reſt, but Idely buſied.

Cha. 12. THink'ſt thou them quiet, that with ſo much (care,
Corinthian ruſty Medalls will compare,
That from the falſe they may diſcerne the true,
Made pretious by the Folly of ſome few?
Or thoſe that goe to ſee (for loe we groane
Not under Roman vices now alone)
Youths with Oil'd-bodies wraſtle on the Stage,
Bred up on purpoſe of like ſhape and age?
Think'ſt thou Him quiet, that ſpends halfe the day
To have the tedious Barbour take away
What grew the night before, that time can ſpare

To

To call a Councell upon every haire
How it must lye; what Choller will he vent
If once the Barber fetmes but negligent?
Who to displease him is as much afeard
As if he cut the man, and not his beard;
When by a Per'wigg th'haire's restor'd that's shed,
Or growing thinne is o're the Fore-head spred;
Into what passion will he straight be put
If any part of his Deare maine be cut,
Or if the same be discompos'd; he frets
If all be not reduc'd to Annulets;
May we not well beleeve he takes lesse care
To have the State disordred, then his haire;
Who rather to be spruce, then honest strives;
Such are more curious of their lockes, then lives.
Are they at rest, who their whole time doe passe
But onely with a Combe, and Looking-glasse?
That Songs doe either make, or sing, or heare;
When as the voice, that to the naturall eare
In the plaine note sounds best, is taught to run
Wanton division with writh'd Faces done;
Who on their Fingers measure verses feet,
And though with serious, or sad things they meet,
Yet are they ever warbling; such as these
In Lazie businesse live, and not in ease:
Nor have they vacant time, that feasts doe make;
Because we se what curious paines, they take
T'adorne with Plate their Cupboards, and devise
To put their Pages in quaint Liveries;
How carefull are they least the Cooke neglect

To

To ſend the Bore in dreſſ'd as they expect?
With what a quickneſſe doe the ſervants fall
Vnto their buſines, when they heare the call?
How neatly doth the Carver play his part,
In cutting up the fowle with ſo much art?
And after their full Cups ſpewing about,
How ſoone th'unhappy boyes will wipe it out?
In theſe reſpects, they covet to be thought
Magnificent, and bounteous, and are brought
In every courſe of life, to this condition
They cannot eate or drinke, but with ambition:
Nor have they quiet lives, that up and downe
Are born in Chairs, and Litters, through the towne;
For which they have their certain hours, when they
That are their Bearers, dare not be away;
Who muſt by other men be put in mind
To Bath, to Swimme, to Sup, and are inclin'd
To ſuch a negligence, that they ſcarce know
Themſelves, whither they hungry be, or no;
One of the nicer ſort (if ſo it be,
Niceneſſe to looſe humane ſociety,)
Lifted by men from forth a Bath all wet
Into a Chaire, ſaid to them, am I ſet?
So ſtrange a queſtion made, can it be gueſt
He knowes he lives, or ſees, or is at reſt?
'Tis doubtful, which moſt wretchednes doth ſhow
To know it not; or to faine not to know;
Some things we doe forget, and ſome we faine,
Some errours we are willing to retaine,
As Arguments of Greatnes: 'tis for love

And

And Abiect persons to know what they doe.
Goe then, and blame the Players bold abuse,
More Follies they omit, then they traduce:
So Copious is vice growne in this out age,
Witty in ill alone, that we the Stage
May rather taxe of negligence; can one
To such a sensuality be growne
That he by others must be told he sits?
He is not quiet, that such things forgets;

WE rather must some other word devise, *Cha.* 13.
That he is sicke, yea dead will but suffice;
He is at rest, that doth his rest discerne,
This halfe-alive, that must from others learne
His bodies posture, never can be thought
Of time to make advantage as he ought;
Twere long to reckon them that spend the day
At *Chesse*, at *Ball*, or at some other play
Are roasted in the *Sun*; such men can spare
No time, whose pleasures tedious businesse are;
Nor can we doubt, but they laboriously
Performe just nothing, who themselves apply
To fruitlesse Studies, frequent now in *Rome*,
Twas a disease that first from *Greece* did come,
To make it a rare peece of skill, to know
How many in *Wisses* Ship did Rowe;
Th' *Iliads* or the *Odisea*, whether
Were written first; or from the stile to gather
If one composed them both; with such as these,
Which if conceal'd, cannot the mind displease,

And utter'd, we thereby are not become
More learned, but perhaps, more troublesome;
Behold the *Romans* also have affected
These needlesse Studies, formerly neglected;
I knew a Wise man of these times would run
Through every Act, and by what Captaine done,
Affirming that *Duillius* first assail'd
Our foes at Sea, and prosperously preuail'd;
That *Curius Dentatus* was the first,
Led *Elephants* in Tryumph; these at worst,
Examples are of ciuill Actions, though
True Glory nothing to such things doth owe,
Such knowledge profits little, though there bee
Therein a kind of specious vanity;
Let them that will have also leave t'enquire
Who first possess'd the *Romans* with desire
To build a Ship; 'twas *Claudius*, therefore he
Was called *Caudex*, by which word we see
The ioyning fast of many Boords is meant,
Whence publique Tables are by one consent
Call'd *Codices*, and Boates of *Tyber* fram'd
For Publique use, are *Caudicariæ* nam'd;
And let this knowledge not be needles thought,
That first *Valerius Corvinus* brought
Meßana in Subiection, and thereby
Added that Surname to his Family;
Which from *Messana*, by corruption came
To be *Meßalla*, but was still the same;
And it is not a knowledge of much use,
That *Sylla* in the Cirque let *Lions* loose?

Whereas

Whereas before they tyed were together,
And that King *Boccus* sent Dart-slingers thether
T'encounter them? yet these, we may remit;
But how can this for any use be fit,
To know that *Pompey* in the peoples sight
First brought the Eighteene *Elephants* to fight
With men condemn'd? a Prince of High esteeme,
And whom Fame for Humanity might seeme
To rancke with Auncient Worthies, to devise
New deaths for men, and ther' with feed his eyes?
They fight, they goared are, at length they dye,
And under those Huge Monsters buried lye;
Surely this ought t'have beene forgotten quite,
That so no great man after might delight
To Imitate such an inhumane thing,
And envy that should detestation bring.

O, How doth Greatnes blind mens Iudgments! he *Cha.14.*
Thought himselfe raisd above Mortality,
When he so many wretches did ordaine
To be by beasts bred in farre Countries slaine,
Devising a strange Combat betweene Creatures
Of so vnequall strength, and different natures,
And in the *Romans* sight shedding such store
Of Blood; (compell'd soone after to shed more,)
He was at length perfidiously betray'd
When his owne Slave rude hands upon him layd,
And Murdred him, letting him plainly see
That his proud Sur-name was but vanity.
But to returne to my discourses and thence

To ſhew another fruitleſſe diligence,
The ſame man of *Metellus* ſaid, when he
The *Carthaginians* in *Cicily*
Had vanquiſh'd, that he onely Triumphed
With Sixſcore *Elephants*, as Captives lead;
That *Sylla* firſt had leave to amplifie
The Citty bounds for forraigne Victory,
A thing allowed Aunciently to none
But Conquerours in *Italy* alone; (found
This is more worth our knowledge, then t'have
The Aventine to be without that bound,
Becauſe the people when they did diſſent
So mainely from the Senate, thether went;
Or that the Birds at *Remus Augury*
Were not obſerv'd about that place to fly:
Theſe and a thouſand more they doe deviſe,
Which either are, or elſe reſemble lyes;
But let us on their Credits now relie,
And thinke them true, whoſe errours are thereby,
Whoſe Luſt ſuppreſ'd? whom may we therefore call
More Iuſt, more Valiant, or more Liberall?
Our *Fabianus* ſaid, he doubted much
Whether no knowledge better were, or ſuch:
They onely quiet are that Wiſedome mind,
They onely live; nor doe they thereby find
Their lives in firme ſecurity alone,
But every age they adde unto their owne:
What ever hath beene acted heretofore
Belongs to them; yea, that unvalued ſtore
Of Sacred Writers, for our uſe were borne,

Who

Who ready are our present lives t'adorne:
Thus we by others industry are taught,
Great and rare things from darke oblivion brought;
And are not limited, but uncontrould
The secrets of all ages may behold;
And if the greatnesse of our minds would climbe
Above all humane frailty, we have time
Enough, t'enquire out truths with *Socrates*,
To propound questions with *Carneades*,
To rest with *Epicurus*, to suppresse
With *Stoickes* our affections vaste excesse,
And with the *Cynickes* to subdue them so,
That we with Fate even hand in hand may goe:
Why doe we then in this short time neglect
These divine things, that all good men affect?
Such as have daily offer'd up and downe
Their meritorious Service in this towne,
As vast in sensuall pleasures, as extent,
That both themselves and others doe torment,
When they have shew'd folly enough, and bin
At every house that would receive them in;
How have they beene put of by Luxury?
Or Sleepe? or great mens Incivillity?
Who having tortur'd them with long delay,
Then pretend businesse, and make haste away;
Or else to shun the place filled with store
Of Suiters, have slunke forth at the backe Doore,
As if it were not farre lesse barbarous
To deny entrance, then t'abuse them thus:
How have they courted him, whose sleepy head,

Shewes he hath yet scarse well recovered
His last nights surfit, making others keepe
Ill houres, to waite on his disorder'd sleepe,
Who being often told the Suiters name,
With a proud yawning will repeate the same.
They are imploy'd to purpose, that doe passe
Their time with *Zeno* and *Pythagoras*;
That often to *Democritus* resort,
That *Aristotl'* and *Theophrastus* Court,
With other Authors of good Learning; they
Bid all men welcome, sending them away
Not empty, but more pleas'd, more happy farre;
They, day and night at equall leasure are;
They'll not compell, but teach us, how to dye;
They'll not consume our yeares, but will supply
Ours with their owne; their Friendship is to us
Not costly, their discourse not dangerous.

Cha. 15 FRom these men we may carry what wee will,
And having gotten much may get more still;
What happines, what Reverend Age shall hee
Obtaine, that is of their societie?
There hath he those with whom he may advise
What he should doe when any doubts arise;
There he the truth without Reproach shall heare,
And being prais'd, no flattery needes feare:
By their Example he his life may frame,
And strive like them to gaine a vertuous name;
The choyce of our owne Parents did not lie
In our owne Power, *Chance* gave them; but hereby

We

We may be borne, as we our selves shall please;
The Families of Noble wits are these;
Choose then in which thou wilt thy Race advance,
And bee intitled to th'inheritance,
Not the bare name; to wealth that must not be
Hoorded up, basely, or malitiously,
But bountifully spent; men grow not poore
By such expence, those goods increase the more:
These shall thy way t'Eternity prepare,
And fixe thee there, from whence none can, or dare
Thinke to remove thee; they alone can teach
Mortality, Immortalitie to reach:
Great Honours, Monuments, or what beside
In strength of Law or structure is by pride
Devis'd, shall soone decay, time doth invade
That soonest, which the World hath Sacred made:
Onely true Vertue can resist the rage
Of present, and of future time, by Age
That gaines esteeme; things neere them men enuy,
But on remote looke with Impartiall eye:
A Wisemans life is therefore large, not bound
To those strict tearmes that Nature doth propound
To others, Lawes, which mankind doth deplore;
All Ages, like a God, doe him adore;
He in the thought of time past takes content,
Makes use of what is now, and doth prevent
That which shall be; thus ioyning all in one
His constant life can shortned be by none;
Whereas their time must short and sad appeare,
Who all these three forget, neglect, or feare;

And

And when death commeth, they too late begin
To know how idly they imploy'd have bin.

Cha.16. NOr is this any Argument at all
That they live long, because for death they call;
Their Folly workes on their affections so,
That they, on what they feare, themselves do throw;
Thus they seeke death, because they feare the same;
Nor yet can we from hence a reason frame,
Because the day seemes sometimes long, for they
Repine that houres so slowly passe away
Ere it be Supper time; if they remaine
But a short while unbusy'd, they complaine,
And not well knowing how the time to spend,
Their thoughts to some new Vanity they bend:
How tedious seemes that time, when they expect
Some Sword-play, or some Masque that they affect?
And yet how short is that they like? and short
Because they like not long, but still resort
To new delights, so that their daies become
Not long at all, but rather wearisome;
Those Nights seeme ever quickly at an end,
That men in drinking, or with Harlots spend;
Hence Poets in their Raptures, to disguise
And cherish humane errours, did devise
That *Iupiter*, to lengthen the delight
He with *Alcmena* tooke, doubled the night:
But what can this be else, but vice t'enflame,
To make the Gods the Authors of the same?
And to Divinity ascribe th'excesse

Of

Of Mortall mens Licentious wickednes?
How can those nights seeme short? that cost so deare?
They lose the day, that wish the night were neare;
And lose the night with a desire of day;
So much their feares their pleasures doe dismay;
The thought of these two slender words, (*How long*)
Can turne all mirth into a mournefull song:
From this affection Kings their Powre lament,
And in their Greatnes find but small content;
As being Frighted often with this thought,
That it must one day to an end be brought.
When that proud *Persian* King o're vast Fields spred
His spacious Army not then numbered,
But in the view admir'd, He there shed teares,
To thinke that but within an hundred Yeares,
Not any one thereof should be alive;
When he that wept, soone after did deprive
By Sea and Land, by Fight, and Flight all those
Of Life, which he with greife, did then suppose
Would dye within one hundred Yeares.

How then? *Cha.17*

Comes it to passe, that feare possesseth men
In mid'st of Ioy? because their Ioyes rely
On nothing, but the selfe same vanity
That gave them being: what may we then gesse,
Of that, which to be wretched they confesse,
When the felicity through which they beare,
And lift their thoughts so high, is not sincere?
Great fortunes are accompany'd with care,
And of all others, least assured are;

They ſtand in neede of other Happines
To keepe their Happines, & new ſucceſſe (Chaunce
To guard their old; all things that come from
Vnſtable are; yea that which doth advance
It ſelfe the Higheſt, ſooneſt falls to Ground;
Then what true Pleaſure can therein be found?
Needs muſt their Life both ſhort and wretched be,
VVhen what they get with ſo much Miſery,
They keepe with more, and doubtfully maintaine
VVhat formerly acquired was with Paine;
In the meane while, but ſmall account is made
Of unrecouer'd time; new things invade
The old, hope ſtirres up hope, deſire deſire,
They change the matter, not the end require:
Doe we our ſelves ceaſe to be Candidate?
VVee give our ſuffrages to others ſtreight;
If we give over our owne ſuites, we then
Are hir'd to follow ſuites for other men;
No ſooner doe we leave of to accuſe,
But to be Iudges inſtantly we chooſe;
Hath *Marius* left the VVarres? He ſhall receive
The Conſulſhip; did *Quintius* ſtrive to leave
The charge of the Dictatourſhip? he now
Shall bee againe call'd to it, from the Plough;
Scipio, too yong for ſo great things, ſhall goe
Againſt the *Carthaginians*, and o're-throw
Hannibal, and *Antiochus* ſubdue;
The glory of our Conſuls, and the true
Pledge of his Brothers Honour, who unleſſe
Himſelfe gaine-ſay it, ſhall with *Iove* poſſeſſe

An

An equall place; and when all this is done
He the preserver with sedition
Shall be provok'd, and having quighe refus'd
Such Honour as unto the Gods is us'd,
He at the length growne old, shall take content
To goe into a willfull Banishment:
Thus happy or unhappy causes will
Be never wanting to breede trouble still;
Variety of busines hindereth rest,
A thing desir'd by all, by few possest.

EXempt thy selfe then from the multitude *Cha.* 18
My deare *Paulinus*, having beene pursude (quire,
By stormes, which might more years then thine re-
Into a quiet Harbour now retire;
Thinke but what privat blasts thou hast endur'd,
What Publique tempests to thy selfe procur'd;
Thy Vertue hath sufficiently bin try'd
In Rough Affaires; now let it be apply'd
To Calmer Waies; the most (at least, the best)
Part of thy life, hath solely beene possest
By the Republique; let then some be spent
To thine owne use; nor is it my intent
To call thee to a dull and lazie Ease,
To drowne that vigour in delights that please
The vulgar People; this gives no repose
To any; there are greater things, then those
Thou hast already done, that may by thee
In thy retirement safely acted be;
Th'Accompts of all the World thou manageſt

With temperance, as an others intereſt,
With Fore-ſight, thine owne, and with a zeale,
As things that much concerne the Publique-weale:
In doing this thy duty, thou gayn'ſt love,
Wherein an other hardly could remove
A generall hatred; it is better though
To take accompt of thine owne life, then know
What ſtore of Graine there is; that ſtrength of wit,
That vigour of thy mind, for great things fit,
From a charge (Honourable I muſt confeſſe,
But not conducing unto happines:)
Call home to thee; and think not thou wert borne
And trayn'd in famous Arts, to lay up Corne;
Thy Noble Education promiſ'd then
Things of a Higher ſtraine; there want not men
That moulded are for labour, and can be
Exact in matters of frugality;
Dull lades great Burthens fitter are to beare
Then generous Horſes; what a pitty 'twere
Their ſtately backes with heavy loades to preſſe?
Thinke alſo with thy ſelfe, to what exceſſe
Of envy th'art expoſ'd; thou haſt to doe
With hunger, and the common people too:
No reaſon workes, no equity prevailes,
No Prayers move, when hunger them aſſailes.
In *Caius Cæſars* time, (who now at leaſt
If Sence of things abide in Soules deceaſt
Is grieu'd to find the *Roman* people left
In ſafety, and himſelfe of life bereft,)
The Stor e-howſes ſo empty were of graine

That

That scarce a weekes Provision did remaine;
While he with ioyned Ships large Bridges made,
And with the forces of the Empire plaide,
The worst of evills (Famine) was at hand,
And that which followes, Ruine of the land;
And this th'example of a Forreigne King,
Vnfortunately proud and mad, did bring.
What thoughts had they that them imployed were?
Did they not Stones, Fire, Sword, and *Caius* feare?
They all their Art (as they had cause) applide,
The ill that in their Bowells lurk'd, to hide;
For some are cur'd, ere they their Sicknes know;
While others Deaths from such a knowledge grow.

FOr these things then doe thou thy selfe prepare, *Cha.19.*
Which more secure, more calme, more Noble are;
Is it all one (think'st thou) thus to take thought
That Corne be cleane into the Garner brought,
And layd up dry, least it grow Musty streight,
And heat, and that it answer the iust weight?
Or to search out the highest Misteries,
To know the Nature of the Deities,
Their Will, their Forme and their Condition?
To learne what manner of conclusion
Waites on our Soules, where Fate will them bestow
So soone as they forth of our Bodies goe?
To understand what holds the heavier things
Firme in the mid'st, and what the lighter brings
To hang aboue, what highest beares the fire,
And doth the motions of the Starres inspire,

With all things else, that are by Nature sent
To strike the wisest with astonishment. (mind?
Wouldst thou from Earth to these things raise thy
Doo't while thy blood is warme; the Sprightful find
Eas'st Accesse, this course of life imparts
These things unto thee, Love of all good Arts,
True Vse of vertue, Courage to defie
The Powre of Lusts, Skill how to live and dye;
Together with a firme and constant rest
Whereof thou never canst be dispossest;
All busy'd men are wretched; but yet none
Like them that toyle, not onely in their owne
Frequent affaires, but sleepe while others sleepe,
And when they walke the Pace of others keepe,
That eate with others appetites, and waite
To be commanded; both to Love and hate
Of all things the most free; their lives seeme short
That thus unto anothers Will resort;
They doe not envy him that gets Renowne
By Pleading, or that weares the Purple Gowne,
He ventures his life for it, 'have men call
But one yeare by his Name, he wasteth all;
Some, having stretched their ambitions wide,
Dye yong, and in the midst of all their pride;
Others, that have great Dignities obtain'd
By many Indignities, find they have gain'd
But Titles to their Tombes; some, their last Age
Fed with new hopes, like their first youth ingage
In great and wicked Projects, when they see
Nothing but Death in their Infirmity,

He

HE fordid is, that catch'd with rude applause, [Cha. 20.
Grown old, dies wrangling in a worthless cause,
Like him, that weary lesse of toyle, then life,
Faints in the mid'st of his officious strife;
Or him, whom dying mid'st his heapes of Gold,
His long-fed Heire with laughter doth behold:
I cannot an Example here let passe
That comes into my mind; *Turranius* was
An aged man, exactly diligent,
Who after Ninety yeares, a good part spent
As Procuratour, willing to desist,
By *Caius Cæsar* was at length dismiss'd:
But comming Home, he laid him on his Bed,
Bidding his Servants Mourne as he were dead,
Who standing round about him, did expresse
Sorrow for their old Master's Quietnesse,
Nor would his Family their griefe refraine,
Till to his labour he were call'd againe:
Is it such pleasure then to dye in cares?
So are the thoughts of most bent to affaires,
Their Bodies sooner then their minds doe faile,
Thus they their owne infirmities assaile,
And Age in no respect more Irkesome proves
Then that from busines it them removes;
Law doth not force a Souldier to Fight
At Fifty Yeares, nor after Three-score cite
A Senatour, men doe more hardly draw
Leave from themselves to rest, then from the Law;
In the meane time, while one anothers peace
They daily interrupt, and never cease

To

To hurry, and be hurry'd; while they lye
Together in a mutuall misery;
Their life is without Fruit, without delight,
Or any thing that should the Soule invite:
No man makes Death his Obiect; to their hope
All men desire to give the largest scope;
Yea many contrive busines beyond Death,
Resolue of stately Monuments, bequeath
Great Guifts for Funerall Triumphs, and devise
Workes to be talk'd of, with proud Obsequies;
But these, like such as dye to soone, should have
Torches, and Lampes, to light them to their Grave.

FINIS.